

THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

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**NOW IS THE TIME
TO SUBSCRIBE!**

**BEGIN WITH
THE NEW VOLUME**

**AND
The New Year!**

PROSPECTUS.

The *Citizen* will positively be issued on Friday, the 5th inst., and regularly each week thereafter. We invite our friends to call and get specimen copies. It is the official paper of Giles county—containing each week, besides the commercial and market reports, Congressional, Legislative and miscellaneous news from all parts of the country—a concise and reliable report of all local, County and State news, together with the proceedings of Courts and public meetings held in the county.

In sending out a prospectus for the *Pulaski Citizen*, we deem it useless to inflame upon the people of Giles county, who know us so well, a lengthy and unnecessary address, detailing its political status. You are all familiar with its career before the war, and are well acquainted with our ideas of government and political economy, as announced from week to week before the war. The *Citizen* will be the same paper that it was then, so far as it can be consistent with the new order of things. Of course it will recognize the death of slavery, and accord to the late slaves all the rights and immunities which their new situation entitles them to. Believing it to be the interest of the white race as well as the black for friendly relations to exist between the two, we would exhort the former to be generous and liberal, and the latter to be patient, moral, industrious, and provident—to raise themselves by industry and education to a higher standard morally, socially and intellectually. Let the white men of the South prove themselves the truest, best friend the negro has, and then let the negro prove himself true to the white man. We would not raise the negro to a social level with the white man. We believe social equality a humbug and an impossibility. Nor would we take from them the means of education and reform. Let them be educated if they can be, and they at once know their true relation to the other race. We will oppose negro suffrage, but under all the circumstances as they exist in Tennessee, we believe it best that they be admitted to the civil rights to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded.

We of course will not become the organ of any party, sect or individual, but will take high, independent ground—advocating that which seems to us best for our country, tending parties and partisans whenever they come in the way. We were not a partisan before the war, and our friends may rest assured we are much less a partisan now. Our object will be to print a paper well filled with literature, market and financial reports, interesting miscellany and news from all parts of the world—eschewing party and doing everything we can for the interest of our town, county, State and country.

So far as President Johnson's administration has developed his policy toward the seceded States and towards the late rebels, we will give him our cordial approval. If he pursues to the end the course indicated by his recent acts and sayings, as we understand them, his administration will have been just, generous and statesmanlike, and the people of America will accord to him the honor of bringing order out of chaos, restoring civil and religious liberty to the country, crushing out the germs of anarchy and confusion which had well nigh ruined us, and of restoring the government to its original purity.

In contradistinction to the radical party who seek to rule his administration for base party purposes, the President has shown himself wise and good. We commend the *Citizen* with a very small subscription list, and trust to the future for an increase of patronage. We request every friend of the enterprise to aid us in getting up a large list at once. We hope no one will consider his services unnecessary, but let every true friend take a prospectus, show it to the country people and the town people, and let every man subscribe. — Receive no name without the money.

Terms of Subscription.

Four Dollars a Year in Advance.

COME UP AND SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE.

Facts About Milk.

Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If, therefore, milk is desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep, narrow dish; and if it be desired to free it most completely of cream, it should be put into a broad shallow dish, not much exceeding one inch in depth. The evolving of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a fall of temperature of the dairy—50 degrees Fahrenheit—all the cream will probably rise in 36 hours; but at 70 degrees it will perhaps rise in half that time, and when the milk is kept near the freezing point, the cream will rise very slowly, because it becomes solidified. In wet and cold weather milk is less rich than in dry and warm. The season has its effects. The milk in spring is supposed to be the best for drinking, and hence it would be best for calves; in summer it is best suited for cheese, and in autumn, the butter keeping better than that of summer, the cows less frequently milked, give richer milk, and consequently more butter. The morning's milk is richer than that of the evening. The last drawn milk, the "stripplings" at each milking, and at all times and seasons, is richer than that first milked, which is ever the poorest.

Magnificent Donation.—One of the noblest and most judicious acts of liberality and enterprise which has occurred in the present era, is the loan by Adams Express Company of \$2,000,000 of its accumulated capital to several of the Southern railroads, to enable them to resume operations. The New Orleans *Picayune* says, this company by such donations, attests its great wisdom, and establishes new claims to the support and patronage of the people of the South. A like liberality upon the part of other large capitalists who are interested in our prosperity, would soon restore, nay, give new and greater impulse to our progress and prosperity, and make the South what we believe it is destined in not many years to become, the most flourishing portion of this continent.

Gold Beating.

Of this wonderful business, so extensively manufactured in New York, it is said that until quite recently, the art was scarcely practiced in this country. What is wonderful about it, is that,

"A single grain of gold may be beaten with the hammer so as to cover seventy-five square inches, which would leave it less than the 350,000th part of an inch in thickness, or requiring more than a million sheets to make a pile three inches high. This would be about the 1,200th part of the thickness of common printing-paper, and is owing to the extreme tenacity of gold. A pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would reach around the globe. A silver wire, coated with the thinnest wash of gold, may be drawn out to an indefinite extent without breaking the coating so much that a defect could be discovered, even with a microscope. The gold which is used for beating is very slightly alloyed with silver and copper, unless the leaf is to be exposed to the weather, when pure is used."

How to Clean Ribbons.—A lady sends us the following receipts for cleaning ribbons, which she wishes published for the benefit of those of her sex who wish to try a successful experiment, as she has done. In these hard times all economical hints are acceptable: Wet the ribbon in alcohol and fasten the end of it to something firm; hold the other end in your hand, keeping the ribbon out straight and smooth; rub it with a piece of castile soap until it looks decidedly soapy; then rub hard with a sponge, or, if much soiled, with the back of a knife, keeping the ribbon dripping wet with alcohol. When you have exhausted your patience and think it must be clean, rinse thoroughly in alcohol, fold between clothes, and iron with a hot iron. Don't wring the ribbon; if you do, it will get creases in it that you cannot get out.—*Ex.*

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

The past history of the families of Louis Napoleon and the Sultan of Turkey is full of interesting and marvelous incidents, some of which are probably not generally known to our readers.

These two monarchs, a few years ago, so cordially united in the struggle to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, are both descendants of American ladies; the one a grandson, and the other a great-grandson. These ladies were born in the same neighborhood, on the Island of Martinique, one of the West Indies. They were of French origin, and companions and intimate friends in childhood and youth. They were Josephine de Tascher and a Miss S—. The history of Josephine is generally known. She went to France, and was married to M. de Beauharnais, by whom she had one son, Eugene, and a daughter, Hortense. Some time after the death of Beauharnais, Josephine was married to Napoleon Bonaparte, and became Empress

of France. Her daughter, Hortense, was married to Louis Bonaparte, then king of Holland; and the present Emperor of France is her son by this marriage.

But now for the romance of the affair. Josephine's bosom friend quitted the island of Martinique some time before she did. But the vessel that was carrying her to France was attacked and taken by Algerine corsairs, and the crew and passengers made prisoners, but the corsair ship was in turn attacked and pillaged by Tunis pirates, and Miss S. was carried by them to Constantinople, and offered for sale as a slave. Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments found her a purchaser in the Sultan himself, and she soon became the chief lady in his seraglio, and Sultaness of Turkey. Mahmoud II. was her son; Abdul Medjid was the son of Mahmoud, and the present Sultan, Abdul Aziz Khan, is the grandson of Mahmoud.

Thus the two sovereigns who occupy so large a space in the world's eye are descended from two American creole girls, who were playmates in their youth, and as remarkable for their beauty and excellent dispositions as for their varied and singular fortunes. Both these women, in the height of their power, remembered the friends of their youth, and provided munificently for their welfare. Many of the relatives of the Sultaness left the Island of Martinique and settled at Constantinople, where their descendants still reside, and enjoy the favor of the Sultan.

The Sultaness died in 1811; the Empress Josephine in 1814.

THE LONDON TIMES.—It is stated that this leading journal of the world circulates more than 50,000 copies daily. It was established January 1, 1785, by John Walter; in 1803, his son, John Walter, Jr., succeeded to the management; and in 1837 he in turn was followed by his son, John Walter, the third, the present publisher. The *Times* has secured its immense influence by literary merit, accuracy, and enterprise, and chiefly by faithfully following, instead of leading, public sentiment. It yields its proprietors a net profit of about \$225,000 a year. When the secret last leaked out, its editor was John Delane, who was associated with Mowbray Morris, the manager. Besides a host of reporters, there are numerous departments, with a sub editor at the head of each.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.—SCENE—Parlor in the house of an elderly gent in N. York. "Old gent telegraphs to the kitchen, and waiter ascends in a balloon."

Old gent—John, fly over to South America, and tell Mr. Johnson that I will be happy to have him sup with me. Never mind your coat; now, go.

John leaves, and at the end of five minutes returns.

John—Mr. Johnson says he will come; he has got to go to the north Pole for a moment, and then he will be here.

Old Gent—Very well, John. Now start the machine for setting the table, and telegraph to my wife's room, and tell her that Mr. Johnson is coming. Then brush up my balloon, for I have an engagement in London at 12 o'clock.

The Most Consistent and Earnest Peace Makers.

The most consistent and earnest peace-makers, the most sincere and efficient reconstructionists, are the returned soldiers of the great armies of the North and South, now at home, but lately engaged in taking one another's lives. These men know the value of peace, and appreciate the blessings of civil government. They have no malignity to gratify, and with that frank and manly honor, which the profession of arms inspires, they are above the mean trickery of politics, and care not a fig for the crack of party whips, or the threats of party whippers. With that greatness of soul and magnanimity, which are a soldier's characteristic attributes, with that good sense and sound experience, which the war and their travels have improved and enlarged, they contemplate the great political questions of the day with minds imbued with charity and unbiased by party prejudices and affiliations. In the presence of the cool judgment and calm valor of the veterans, the contemptible machinery of demagogues, and the clap-trap of selfish politicians will be dirt cheap, and lamentably unavailing. The soldiers know what patriotism is, and who the patriots are, and they have no mean and cowardly revenge to take upon a vanquished foe. The soldiers of the late Northern and Southern armies respect and like each other, because they have fought like men; and they are more ready to trust and honor a recent antagonist on the battle-field, than they are one-half of the mousing politicians South or North.—*Exchange.*

Died on the night of the 6th inst., at the residence of Mr. A. L. Crow, Gen'l. Scorr Crow, the oldest dog in the county. Aged about 17 years. Well known to all the sportsmen in and about Pulaski. He was honored with a decent burial.

"THE CONQUERED BANNER."

[The following poem—one of the best in the language—was written by "Morris," a correspondent of the New York *Freeman's Journal*.]

Furl that Banner! for 'tis weary,
'Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to leave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken, is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
O'er whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly;
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it would forever wave—
Swore that foemen's sword could never
Hearts like theirs entwined discover,
'Till that flag would float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
Though its folds are in the dust;
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe,
For, though conquered, they adore it,
Low the cold dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fall before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
And oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down through ages
Furl its folds, though now we must.

Furl that Banner! softly, slowly;
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furl'd forever,
For its people's hopes are dead.

ASHES OF GLORY.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

Fold up the gorgeous silken sun,
By bleeding martyrs blest,
And keep the laurels it has won
Above its place of rest.

No trumpet's note need harshly blare—
No drum funeral roll—
Nor trailing sabres drap the bier
'That frees a dauntless soul!

It lived with Lee, and decked his brow
From Flax's empty Palm:
It slept the sleep of Jackson now—
As spotless and as calm.

It was outnumbered—not outdone;
And they shall shudder tell
Who struck the blow, its latest gun
Flashed ruin as it fell.

Sleep, shrouded Ensign—not the breeze
That smote the victor's tier,
With death across the heaving seas
Of fiery Trafalgar!

Not Arthur's knights amid the gloom
Their brightly-decked have starred;
Nor Galia Henry's matches, plume,
Nor peerless-born Bayard!

Not all that antique fables feign,
And Orient dreams disgorge;
Not yet the Silver Cross of Spain,
And Lion of St. George,

Can bid thee pale! Proud emblem, still,
Thy crimson glory shines,
Beyond the lengthened shades that fill
Thy proudest kingly lines.

Sleep in thine own historic night,
And by thy blazing scroll:
A warrior's banner takes its flight
To greet a warrior's soul!

THE VIRGINIANS.

Hon. Henry Clay Dean, of Iowa, in a speech delivered at Hackensack, New Jersey, a few days ago, paid the following tribute to Virginians:

"I dare speak one kind word for the oppressed in the very teeth of the oppressor. Since Adam took possession of Eden, no part of his heritage has given to man such a hundred years of history as that of Virginia, beginning with the public life of George Washington, and ending with the surrender of the armies of General Robert E. Lee. The great orator, Patrick Henry, whose spirit lighted up the great Revolution, and whose mild, sweet voice called armies up the valleys and down from the mountains to defend New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts from the invader's hoof, was a Virginian; George Washington, who led those armies, was a Virginian; Thomas Jefferson, whose great soul encompassed the world and lifted its light upon a benighted age to teach it liberty, was a Virginian; James Madison, who inviolated our rights by a flame of living fire, which the most illustrious periods in the past and present century preserved unharmed, all that was sacred in life and precious in hope—the Constitution of the United States—was a Virginian; John Marshall, whose luminous mind, guided by immutable justice, gave being to a most profound and comprehensive judiciary—the bulwarks of American institutions, the marvel of mankind—was a Virginian; Henry Clay, whose commanding majesty of soul drew after him,

whithersoever he went, one full half of the whole moral and intellectual power of America, who did obedience to his name, was a Virginian; the Lees—Richard Henry, Arthur, Francis Lightfoot, Light-Horse Harry, and his illustrious son, Robert E. Lee—were Virginians; Thomas Jonathan Jackson, the great military genius of the Western Hemisphere, born on my own native Monongahela, was a Virginian. The courts, and legislatures, and forums and pulpits of every State in the Union, and every government on the continent, have been adorned by Virginians. Their blood, shed in noble defense of liberty, has fattened every valley, and their bones have bleached on every mountain from Bunker Hill to the City of Mexico.

GIVES HIM UP.

Our good friend John Bull, who spent some thirty-five millions of dollars, thirty years ago, or thereabouts, to try the experiment of getting the African to govern himself, and become a civilized, Christian creature, has about come to the conclusion that it was a bad investment. The events now and recently in progress in the once pet and petted colony of Jamaica, have opened the old gentleman's eyes—and hence we have such powerful organs of British public opinion as the *London Times*, as in a fit of disgust, declaring now that—

"The atrocities that have been committed in the island remind one of the Sepoy mutiny, and prove that, despite all possible advantages, it is impossible to eradicate the original savagery of the African blood."

It may be that the fallen fortunes of the island will fall still lower now that it is known that not even thirty years of freedom and full political rights are capable of giving the Jamaica negro the instincts of civilized man. That he was incorrigibly idle was known by experience, since it has been necessary to bring coolies half round the globe to do the work which he refused, but it might have been hoped that he had lost the worst instincts of the race, and the atrocities of St. Domingo would not be repeated in free and evangelized Jamaica. The lesson comes at an important time, and shows how cautious the American States should be in dealing with their great population of Africans. Though we should be sorry to see this event made use of as an argument against giving the colored man due political rights, and even the suffrage, on such conditions as well devised property qualification would impose, yet we are convinced that it is for the benefit both of the white man and the negro, that the latter should remain essentially under the tutelage of the former. It is the character of the race, that though individuals show considerable ability, and are capable of attaining to position which should give them the full rights of citizenship, yet the mass remains very low, both intellectually and morally. Two or three generations hence instruction and increased civilization may have made a change, but every age legislates for its own wants and according to its own circumstances; and it seems to us that the best policy for any people who have to deal with the black race is to keep a strong hand over them."

This is, substantially, giving the negro up.

Now that Mr. Johnson has declared open war against the Radical programme, we hope that he will push hostilities with all the energy and decision of his character. He will have to encounter a bitter and active opposition. No effort will be spared to thwart, annoy and weaken his Administration. Mr. Sumner's prompt and vindictive attack when the Message was read in the Senate, exhibits the nature of the antagonism that he must confront, and is the prelude of the gathering storm. Popular sentiment will support the President, and all the more earnestly if he meets the issue unflinchingly and proves himself equal to the emergency. The radicals have had just rope enough to hang themselves with, and Mr. Stevens has adjusted the noose himself and kicked away the prop. A brief struggle, a spasmodic or so, the convulsion of the dying agony, and Radicalism will have ceased to exist to disturb the harmonies of republicanism. *Requiescat in pace.*

Sherman and Jo. Johnston.

The Memphis Bulletin says: "For the first time since the deposition by Jefferson Davis, Joseph E. Johnston met General Sherman evening before last at the Gayoso House. It is needless to say that the greeting of these soldiers was kindly and cordial. Hundreds of citizens called on these two Generals whose genius lends brightest lustre to the annals of fratricidal war. By them the arts of offensive and defensive campaigns were exhausted. Through all future time, those who would excel, in doing mischief to mankind, will study each day's story of that ninety days of battle from Dalton to Atlanta. No two commanders were ever more tireless and sleepless.

If Sherman always moved to the right place, Johnson never did to the wrong one. And when a long line of earthworks was abandoned, extending twenty or thirty miles across the country, and all corps and divisions moved inwardly to a common high ground, as each passed the point of intersection of routes, another fell in behind with the precision of clock work. Humboldt's head was never so full of maps as Johnston's of charts of northern Georgia.

Would that such men may never again have occasion to exercise matchless skill in winning glory at the cost of human anguish, yet, while mankind have wars, warriors must be pre-eminently great. More than this, unless American statesmanship rise to the standard of excellence which it lost with Clay, Webster and Calhoun, the very globe may soon tremble beneath the tread of armed men, and woes of the late war may be trifling as tears of childhood, compared with that convulsive agony of soul which unmans heroes.

Gen Sherman, in external appearance an unassuming plain citizen, has been in the city several days. He left last evening for St. Louis, at the same hour with General Johnston, for Cincinnati.

Both these gentlemen are vigorous and active. Johnston, when his robust appearance was referred to, said he had more than his share of vigor. He wore a citizen's suit of plain black, and singularly enough, a hat with narrow brim and round top. He is therefore thoroughly reconstructed. Despite all this, he is brusque, quick, decisive in all he says and does. The old soldier still crops out. Easy, polished and suave in manner, he won the regard of all who approached him. His room in the Hotel was next that of Gen. Sherman. If flank movements were neither executed or evaded at the Gayoso, in dreams or in fact, we shall never more have faith in that human magnetic sympathy which evokes the wonders of spiritualism.

Georgia and Tennessee.

The Legislature of Georgia has passed a bill regulating the reception of testimony of freedmen. It makes free persons of color competent witnesses to civil cases where like persons are dependent, and in criminal cases where the offence is against the persons or property of freedmen. It provides also that where freedmen are plaintiff and defendant, they may make and file an affidavit now allowed to citizens, which shall have the same force as if they were whites. The joint resolution was adopted unanimously, to the effect that the President has been magnanimous toward the people of Georgia.

Can anybody tell us why the radical legislature of Tennessee refuses to pass such bills and resolutions, unless it is that they hope by refusing, to keep the State in seeming hostility to the general government, and thereby secure the displeasure of the President toward her once rebellious people? Are not these deserters from the rebellion who pretend to be representatives of the people, but who never had any contact among the people, really trying to do all the harm they can to the interests of the people? It positively requires all the energy, industry and caution possessed by the conservatives to hold the radicals in check, and they dare not introduce a sensible bill before the body. It is pounced upon with the ferocity of wild beasts by the deserters before alluded to.

Dr. Ordway, our genial representative preserves his equanimity with much becoming grace than we ever imagined he could do in the midst of such an angry throng.

The Southern Trade.

The New York *Express* says the progress of the Southern trade since the suspension of the rebellion attracts attention. In cotton, some eleven hundred thousand bales have been delivered at Northern and Western ports and towns, and at the estimated value of \$400,000,000. Most of this has been paid for in money, which is at this time being applied to the development of the industry of the South. Mobile, New Orleans, Memphis, Nashville, Savannah, Richmond and Wilmington, are growing wonderfully. At Savannah, where, before the war, there were but two or three steamboats running to New York, there now are five lines of steamships, or fourteen first-class steamships in all. There is also a line between Savana and Philadelphia and Boston direct, and two to Liverpool, with two lines of boats with Charleston, two with Florida, and between Savannah and Augusta there are four boats—in all sixteen steamers.

JAMES MCCORMICK, who was undoubtedly the oldest man in this country, died in the State of New York on the 11th inst. aged one hundred and fourteen years, three months and five days. His invariable answer to the question what he thought more than anything else caused him to live so long was, temperance, exercise, plain food, regular meals, and regular hours in going to bed and getting up.